

SAFE ROADS

Gulls eat garbage, you notice
and the sun sets on the other side of the island
from where we sit comfortably reading our books
squeezing as much light out of the day we can
before you go inside under gaslight to squint till
I can't keep mine open any longer I'm going to bed!

But if I were in New York I'd be wishing for Maine
now that I've been
at least for a minute

while a cool breeze shows up

So far away from anything depressing
except you know what
this place is full of

No action but walking
barefoot you toughen your feet
and are a child again

Grabbing for flowers as if they could vanish
and turning into concrete,

you're back in the city again, watching me step
to look both ways down the paranoid streets.

-- Anne Waldman

New York, New York

I stubbed my toe
on the sidewalk today
I'll limp for life

You see it was like this
everything was sprouting marigolds
and like marigolds are my quiet thing
and so there i was sitting in all those marigolds and the
ground wasn't even damp with no sticks and clods to
ram unasked and uninvited up my tender parts. Add i was
just going to
just about to just beginning to know my need to look at
the skyblue
wind in the yellow of the day and so i lumpheaded-
bullfroggingly
hit me in the head stubbed my toe.

Now it isn't as if i never sat with marigolds before